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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

(Then shall my fickle soul forget
Thy Agony of Bloody Sweat?)

My rifle hand is stiff and numb,
(From Thy pierced palm red rivers come).

Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me
Than all the hosts of land and sea.

So let me render back again
This millionth of Thy gift. Amen.

POETS

Vain is the chiming of forgotten bells
That the wind sways above a ruined shrine.
Vainer his voice in whom no longer dwells
Hunger that craves immortal Bread and Wine.

Light songs we breathe that perish with our breath,
Out of our lips that have not kissed the rod.
They shall not live who have not tasted death;
They only sing who are struck dumb by God.

It may be that this latter poem is his finest utterance,
finest because of all his songs—so few and brief—it burns
with the whitest heat of rapture. It is worthy to be carved
upon his tomb. H. M.

THE OTHER STARS IN THE POETS' FLAG

One after another our poets are sailing for France, or at least are in camp preparing to sail. Arthur Davison Ficke, erstwhile a lawyer in Davenport, is now a major in the Ordnance Reserve Corps, stationed, at last accounts, in Paris. William Rose Benét is a lieutenant in the Aviation

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Section of the Signal Reserve Corps, and Kendall Banning is a major in the War Plans Division, of the General Staff, both recently, if not now, in Washington. C. J. Masseck, of St. Louis, is a Captain of Infantry O. R. C., stationed last spring at Camp Funston. Lieutenant C. L. O'Donnell, of Notre Dame University, is chaplain of the 117th Engineers, already half a year in France. Glenn Ward Dresbach, once a canal-builder at Panama and later a mining engineer at Tyrone, New Mexico, is now an officer—captain, I think—in the Medical Corps. Even Floyd Dell has graduated from *The Masses* into the service.

Of the younger men POETRY has printed, who, so far as we are aware, have not yet achieved shoulder-straps, the list is quite long. H. Thompson Rich, formerly editor of *The Forum*, is an acting sergeant of the Medical Corps, perhaps already transferred to the School of Military Psychology at Camp Greenleaf, Georgia, training in which he hopes may win him a commission. Archie Austin Coates, of New York, who has also been a magazine editor, has become Chief Yeoman in the U. S. Naval Reserve, being on duty in publicity work at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Francis Buzzell, of Chicago, author of poems and short stories, is likewise in the navy, being detailed to the congenial duty of editing the *Great Lakes Recruit*.

A number are in various departments of the medical and ambulance service—Cloyd Head and Willard Wattles on this side, John Black and Robert Redfield, Jr., on the other, though the latter has been invalided home. Dr. Frank S.

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Gordon was rejected for this service because of two pounds underweight.

Baker Brownell, Louis Gilmore, Earl B. Marlatt, Mark Turbyfill, John Pierre Roche, and Morris Gilbert are in different camps or perhaps on their way to the front. Salomon de la Selva, the Nicaraguan poet, being refused by Uncle Sam, sailed last month for England, having succeeded in enrolling himself in the British army. John McClure wrote last spring of soon going into training, and Dean B. Lyman, Jr. was to enlist last summer.

J. E. Scruggs, of Atlanta, wrote us when on the point of going to camp, "I passed up my chance of being an officer because I wanted to feel the thrill of being a private—a conscripted private;" and he has now achieved his desire in the 52nd Infantry. John B. Weaver, of Chicago, is impatient of ordnance training, longs to "get over and be a real part in this wonderful affair—certainly, if I survive the experience, it will have been the most valuable thing that could have come into my life." And Paul B. Sifton, of Montana, wrote from France a year ago:

At the time of taking the soldiers' oath I thought to gain color for future writings. Now that I am here, close to the quivering, wide-gaping wound of War, I have put the thought from me, for a time at least—perhaps for good, if my life is necessary in the caging of the imperialists. If I come out—pathos, hate, lust, abnegation, I shall have known them all.

Others are in the Red Cross or the Y. M. C. A. or in work for college men in the army—William Griffith, Lee Wilson Dodd, Raymond P. Holden, perhaps more. Nor must we forget the women, at least two of whom, Miss

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Gladys Cromwell of New York, and Miss Eloise Robinson of Cincinnati, are doing canteen work in France.

Of course there are soldiers also among POETRY's British contributors. Rupert Brooke and Edward Thomas head the list, having given the last proof of devotion. Ford Madox Hueffer and Richard Aldington have been at the front two or three years, also Frederic Manning and Isaac Rosenberg, all of whom have sent us war poems. A few months ago F. S. Flint was accepted and sent to Flanders, and Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, after three rejections, succeeded in getting into the ranks.

For all these, and any other poets who may take their share of the hazardous adventure, let us who write and read this record wish high service to the cause we are fighting for, and a safe return when victory is won.

H. M.

"AESTHETIC AND SOCIAL CRITICISM"

Mr. Bourne and Mr. Brooks were so polite, in their letter to the editors in our September number, that exceptions to their points seem almost a discourtesy. We are appalled at the danger of losing our equilibrium, and being once more accused of "rushing jealously and angrily to the defense of [our] contributors at the sign of any fancied slight." (Dear readers, were we angry or jealous? and did we merely fancy a slight in Mr. Bourne's slur upon "the vogue of the little theatres and little magazines?" And